

The MESSENGER

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1878.

VOL. XLVII.—NO. 20.

Rev J C Baucher L M M

WHOLE NO. 2276.

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE PUBLICATION BOARD OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

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OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars per year strictly in advance, to which twenty cents are to be added for repayment of postage.

Single Sheet, one dollar per year strictly in advance, to which ten cents are to be added for payment of postage.

All checks, drafts, or Post money order must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious paper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

Poetry.

IF I FORGET JERUSALEM.

O Church of Christ, Jerusalem!

Celestial grace is thine!

Thou art the dwelling-place of God,

The gate of joys divine.

Where'er for me the sun may set,

Wherever I may dwell,

My heart shall nevermore forget

Thy courts, Immanuel!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

I came to thee for rest,

And found it more than earthly peace

To be Immanuel's guest.

Or when I come to thee in joy,

Or when I come in tears,

Still, like the gate called Beautiful,

My risen Lord appears!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

The song of praise how sweet!

The bells upon the Ephod's hem

To penitential feet!

How sweet to hear His word of grace

Whose power the heavens own,

Who scatters worlds like seeds in space

To blossom round His throne!

O Church of Christ, Jerusalem!

What grace to thee is given;

Thou art the dwelling-place of God,

The gate of earth to Heaven!

Where'er for me the sun may set,

Wherever I may dwell,

My heart shall nevermore forget

Thy courts, Immanuel!

—Congregationalist.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS.

In his introduction to the Greek Testament, Alford gives a list of four hundred and sixty-nine manuscript copies of the New Testament, to which reference is made in the body of the work. But besides these, many others are known to scholars, of which Alford makes no mention. The entire number of manuscript copies of the New Testament known to be existence, is certainly not less than one thousand. These manuscripts are of various dates: two of them being assigned to the middle of the fourth century, two of them to the fifth, while some are as late as the sixteenth. They differ also as to contents as well as to date. Some of them are mere fragments, containing the Gospels, but not the Epistles, or the Epistles but not the Gospels, or parts of both: while only a very few contain the entire New Testament as we have it at the present day. Nor are they all of equal value. As waters are purest nearest the fountain, so the earlier the date of a manuscript copy of the New Testament, the greater is its authority and critical worth. One can readily understand the reason for this, if he will but try the experiment of filling a sheet of paper with writing and have it copied by some twenty or thirty different persons in succession, each copying from the one immediately before him: the thirtieth copy will, in all probability, contain many errors as compared with the original document. It is almost impossible, indeed, to copy any lengthy piece of composition without mistake: and the oftener the document is copied, the greater will be

that it has never, until quite recently, been of much use to scholars. In 1810, Napoleon carried it with him to Paris, but it was afterward returned to the Vatican, where it has been jealously guarded ever since. In 1843, Tischendorf, the great critical scholar, after hard begging, was permitted to examine it, but only for two or three hours a day for several days, and even then so closely was he watched that whenever he was seen examining a text with particular care, the attendants forthwith snatched the precious parchment out of his hands!

Fortunately, however, a wise Providence has so ordered these things that the Protestant world has free access to a manuscript copy of the New Testament at least as old as that of the Vatican, if not even older. This is the celebrated "Codex Sinaiticus," so called from the place where it was found. The discovery of this most valuable manuscript, which was one of the greatest triumphs of modern Biblical science, was made by Dr. Tischendorf in the year 1859. Fourteen years previous to this date, that is in 1844, being on a tour of discovery in the East, and mousing around in old monasteries and forgotten libraries, wherever there was a smell of musty parchment, Tischendorf chanced to stop at the convent of St. Catharine on Mt. Sinai. In a certain waste paper basket from which the ignorant monks were in the habit of feeding their kitchen fire, and which basket was as regularly replenished with fresh stores of fuel from the library, he found a number of beautiful parchment leaves—fragments of a Greek copy of the Old Testament. Other fragments of the same were shown him by the monks, some of which he was permitted to carry off to Europe where they were afterward published. In the year 1858, he made a second visit to Sinai, but to his great grief no more fragments could be found, nor could any one tell what had become of the coveted manuscript as whole. In 1859 he made a third effort, and this time was more successful. Taking with him a copy of the Greek Testament, which he had published in Europe, as a present to the brethren of Sinai, and in various other ways having succeeded in gaining a good will of the monks, particularly of the steward of the convent, he was so fortunate as to get the steward to acknowledge that he had a very old manuscript in his possession. "Would the steward be so kind as only to let him see it?" The steward brought out, wrapped in a red cloth; laid it on a table; Tischendorf opened it, and beheld "quod ultra omnem spem erat"—not only portions of the Old Testament, but the whole of the New Testament, besides the previously unknown Greek of the Epistle of Barnabas in full: and all clearly of the fourth century, as old as the oldest manuscript known to the Christian world, if not perhaps older. Can we wonder that the learned discoverer slept none that night, but sat down at once to the work of copying the most important parts, lest it should again escape him? Nor can we wonder that he begged, almost with tears, permission to carry the document to Cairo, with the purpose of there copying the whole of it. Which was accordingly done, the work being finished in two months' time. Afterwards, negotiations were set afoot for the transfer of the original copy to St. Petersburg, which he succeeded in accomplishing, the more readily, because the Czar was the acknowledged head of the orthodox Church, to which the monks and their monastery belonged. Unlike the jealous authorities at the Vatican, the Russian Emperor Alexander, ordered two hundred facsimile copies of it to be printed, which he presented to the learned institutions throughout Christendom. It is the only ancient manuscript known to contain the entire New Testament, as old as the oldest, dates probably to the year 350 or thereabout, and may perhaps be one of those identical fifty copies which, once on a time, were hauled in a wagon from Cesarea to Constantinople, under the charge of that Cœsarorean deacon, MARTYN.

A GOOD TOUCHSTONE.—Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be. —Carlyle.

For the Messenger.
OUR IMMEDIATE NEED.

There is an immediate need of greater missionary activity in behalf of the German Reformed Church on the Pacific coast. If we, as a denomination of German origin, have a mission in these United States, we ought certainly endeavor to fulfill the same. In some of the older, eastern States, we have been established over a hundred years, and commendable progress has been made in organizing and fostering Reformed churches, in founding institutions of learning and encouraging the arts and sciences, literature and benevolence, etc. In the West, our Reformed Church, especially among the Germans, is also rising, and ere long will compete with the East in strength. The Pacific coast is a little world by itself. Owing to its splendid climate, wonderful natural resources from land and water, and romantic character of many of the early settlers, this is "a peculiar people;" and if not as religious as it ought, and hopes yet to become, it is full of energy, enterprise and push; and great things in a material, mental and religious point of view may yet be expected of the Pacific slope. Already we have a great State University at Berkley and a flourishing State Normal School at San Jose.

A Presbyterian Theological Seminary is located at San Francisco, with buildings, a learned faculty, and everything complete, founded and superintended by that scholar and Christian gentleman, Dr. Scott. A Congregational Seminary at Oakland, most beautifully situated and well sustained by our Yankee churches on the coast. Our Methodist brethren have a number of "Conference" schools, institutes, seminaries, etc. And how many other denominational schools of learning there exist here, it is not necessary to enumerate. There are many such, and most of them in a flourishing condition. Californians are warm friends and liberal supporters of education. The benevolence of this people is illustrated in the establishment of numerously well sustained asylums and hospitals for the poor, infirm, sick and lunatic. Whilst there are here many good and smart people, there are also in proportion to the population, perhaps, more insane than any where else in the world. We number about two thousand of such, and the State Lunatic Asylum at Napa is one of the grandest buildings in the world. It has cost already over a million of dollars, and is not yet complete in all its parts.

The Roman Catholic Church, as a denomination on this coast, surpasses all the rest in respect of churches, schools, asylums, monasteries, and also convicts and lunatics. Her members are mostly of Irish nationality and in prosperous material circumstances, owing to their early arrival in California. Some of the richest bankers in San Francisco and owners of the greatest gold and silver mines in California and Nevada, are staunch Roman Catholics of Irish birth.

Of Protestant-American churches this coast is literally teeming, but many of them are yet missions and generally well supported by their respective boards in the East. It seems California rich men, generally, are not rich in the grace of God, and the support of the Gospel falls largely on the minority of the godly poor. Also the hosts of foreigners do little for the support of the kingdom of Christ. In this respect California presents a peculiar church history. There are comparatively few churches on this coast, which have not been sustained by missionary funds from the East. The Presbyterian Eastern Board of Home Missions, after it has founded a hundred churches on this coast, and some of them have grown into powerful bodies, rich and influential, is obliged, and deems it a good investment to expend at least twenty thousand dollars annually for missionary purposes out here. The other American denominations are not less zealous in the good work of conquering this great country for the Lord of hosts. The Methodist Conference of California appropriates at least six thousand dollars annually toward the establishment and maintenance of German missions in California. And the Reformed Church—the whole Reformed Church in the United States? How much? Well, this will bring us to the point.

Our immediate need, as a denomination,

n the Pacific coast, is a half dozen cultured German ministers and their prompt support. The fields are here, i. e., there are Germans out here who could and would be gathered into the Reformed Church in the course of time, by persevering, prudent labor, and faithful support of the Church East in missionary money. Other denominations are thus establishing themselves on this coast. Would we succeed we must imitate their example, and if we desire greater progress in our Church matters out here, it must be "forced" from without. A different policy then prevails here from that to which the East is accustomed. As a rule, these Germans out here will identify themselves with any of our two great Protestant denominations of German origin, that reaches and maintains the ground first. The Reformed Church is specially fitted to do missionary work on the Pacific coast, because it possesses the required qualification for that kind of toilsome work—a martyr spirit of zealous perseverance; for such are the inscrutable obstacles in the way of California German missionary operations, that nothing short of apostolic zeal will prevail!

The fields are now open, next year they may be closed from our entrance and forever. And even if in the future we might find an entrance in some of the fields, soon to be occupied by other denominations, if not by Satan, it would be twice as difficult and much more expensive than to cultivate them. The best material absorbed and poverty left behind, it is not so easy to find churches of the leavings. That gleaning missionary work our Church has carried on quite long enough! Good men too are waiting in the East and West to be "sent over" to help us, but the Board is powerless for want of the required means in hand. What shall be done? A foundation for the Reformed Church of the future has indeed been laid with much self-denial and incessant toil, but we want means to further build upon this foundation broad and high. In North Carolina the Reformed Church remained satisfied with its few churches at the first there established, and then gave up the race for conquest, and to-day, we all lament that our denomination neglected its opportunity of spreading in the sunny South. Shall this policy of neglect and slothfulness be repeated on this Pacific coast until too late?

All other denominations are establishing denominational, literary, scientific and theological schools on this coast, and liberal donations have been granted for this purpose, by friends of education and religion, East. It is ever difficult to obtain suitable ministers for our churches on this coast, from abroad, owing to our distance—3000 miles—from our established churches and theological institutions, and the great expense involved in the removal from the East hither. Our ministers are mostly too poor to incur an outlay of several hundred dollars or more, which their transfer to California involves; and the Board of Missions is no better able to advance the amount; nor are the churches on this coast sufficiently strong so as to assume a newly elected pastor's traveling expenses from the East. The peculiar habits of our California people also stand in the way of the easy success of every Eastern bred preacher. To labor successfully in California you must be Californianized!

Our youth cannot acquire a superior education except in other denominational schools and thus become, not unfrequently, proselytes; or attending our materialistic State University, become "smart," or our secular public school and continue in sinful conceit of self-importance. We need immediately a Reformed Mission Institute on the Pacific coast. In this school Christian young men could be prepared for Pacific coast missionary work, and also to do service in those still greater fields of our neighbors, the Chinese Empire, with four hundred million souls, and Japan, with thirty-five millions, and Corea, with twenty two millions. It would not be so difficult to send a missionary from California to Japan, as, strange to learn, it seems to be from Lancaster.

F. F.

CHARITY'S IMPLEMENTS.—The great weakness in our institutions is the great reliance on money—the least effective of the instruments of charity. Unofficial pity, fellow-feeling, patience, gentleness, wisdom, moral influence, all-conquering love—these are charity's nicest, best implements, and these become difficult of attainment and employment just as we get away from the individual and to the "society."—Dr. John Hall.

Family Reading.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD.

BY M. E. P.

O God of boundless purity,
How strange that Thou shouldst give to me.
This young and tender heart,
To train to walk in Thine own ways.
That he may end his mortal days
In glory where Thou art.

Alas! how slow, how helpless too
Am I, this sacred work to do!
My utmost strength must fail,
Yet, Holy Spirit, if Thy power
Be given me from hour to hour,
I surely shall prevail.

O Gracious Influence, to his heart
Give will to choose the "better part,"
Which none can take away.

By him, O helping God, be found;
To him in gifts of love abund;

Be with him every day.

And, God of grace, his mother bless
With prayer, and faith, and watchfulness,
Now that she has a child.

Let not her weak indulgence spoil,
Nor yet her stern, harsh manner soil
This heart, so soft and mild.

Help her, in every act and word,
To follow close her lowly Lord;
Be this her only pride—

That she may holy influence shed
Around this dear immortal head,

And keep him on Thy side.

Then, when the last trump shall sound,
And all before their Judge be found
To hear their sentence pass'd,
May be in glory then appear,
Receive the prize, thy "Well done" hear—

A conqueror at last.

Yes, may this soul, of rarer worth
To me than all the souls of earth,
But wear Thy diadem;
Then through eternity I'll raise
A mother's song of unmixed praise,
To Thee, redeeming Lamb.

Sunday Magazine.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PEESTON.

"The water is rising, granny."

"Well, well, girl, don't tell me that again. It's been a risin' ever sence yesterday mornin', and there's allus been such a miserable spell every Spring down here in Commerce street ever sence I lived in Harford, but it never does no particular hurt only to scare folks. This old house has stood here for I don't know how many a year, and the water's been up all around it, and filled the sullar and the rooms below time and agin, but the old thig has allus struck, and twill now. We've got 'nough t'eat and coal 'nough, and I've got washin' and ironin' 'nough to keep me a busy week, and water's handy—ha, ha!"

"It's got clear up on State street as far as Glezier's store," shouted a voice from a passing skiff; "you had better get out of this, little one."

"Do let us get out our things, granny, and go," entreated the child.

"I won't, I tell ye. Now come along and punch down the clothes in the biler and 'keep the fire agoin'. There's no danger," she shouted back to the boatman. "I've lived here in Harford longer'n you have. I'll stick to this here old shell of Imlay's; there's two boards and a nail to hold 'em together; and ye needn't come 'round here agin a settin' this young un crazy with yer bugbear talk."

"All right," said the boatman, "go your own gait, but it's just the same as murder to leave that child there."

The boatman rowed away. The old washerwoman took a pull at a black bottle on the shelf back of the stove, and returned to her tub.

Darkness soon gathered over the waters. The old washerwoman finished her task, drained the whisky-bottle, and throwing herself on the bed in the corner of the room, was presently fast asleep. The child, wrapping an old shawl about her shoulders, knelt by the open window and gazed far over the mighty current at the glimmering lights in East Hartford.

Late in the evening four young men, belonging to the first society in the city, gathered in the law office of one of their number, were discussing religious topics.

"Well," said the tallest and oldest of the party, rising and putting on his light spring overcoat, "all the logic and eloquence you use in asserting your belief in the supernatural, in this efficacy of prayer, as it is termed, fail to convince me. I am an unbeliever, an infidel, if you choose to call me one, and shall remain one till the end of the chapter. I must see things with my own eyes, hear with my own ears and believe with my whole heart, before there can be any change with me. Come on now; let us go down the street and see if the river is still rising."

Presently the young men were on their way down the crowded street and were standing on the water's edge. There were great numbers of boats flitting about, the occupants of which were

picking up floating debris, pieces of furniture, boxes and barrels, and pigs and chickens, and rescuing people who were clambering out of the upper windows of their flooded tenements as the river rose higher and higher.

"This must be a good deal like Venice," said one of the young men. "Let's hail a gondolier and take a row down Commerce street and about."

So they rowed up to the old bridge, until the boatman urged them to go no farther, and they were left alone, with only one glimmer of light visible in the vicinity.

Here and there, among the broken and drifting clouds, a star was to be seen, its reflected rays dancing upon the waters for a moment and then disappearing. The two young men had now reached the upper portion of Commerce street, and were near the old bridge, the red stone piers of which were almost lost to sight in the angry flood, and whose long black outlines were quite lost in the gloom of the opposite river bank far beyond. The current here was so strong, and the locality appearing so completely deserted by the inhabitants, that the young men now found no boats to impede their progress. But one light was seen in the vicinity. That, a faint glimmer, seemed to proceed from one of the tenement houses, a little farther on. Thither they were proceeding when a boatman from below hallooed to them: "Say! don't go up any farther, boys; there's an ugly current that sets in from Charles street up there at the corner; besides, there are heavy timbers coming down, and if one of them should strike your cockle-shell it would swamp you in no time."

"We had better go back now, Charles; I had no idea of coming as far as we have. We may be of some assistance to somebody or somebody's pig, on our way back."

"Do let us go just a few strokes further up and see where that flicker of light comes from."

"All right; go ahead. Hark! do you hear that?"

They ceased rowing, and listened to a clear, childish voice floating with a strange sweetness above the sullen roar of the waters.

"Does it come from the sky?"

"No, George, it comes from where that bit of light is, and that's in that old house on the corner there, and it's bound to go in the freshet. There's some one left in it, sure. Hark again. It is a child singing. Hurry, Charles."

The oars flew in rapid strokes now, and the little boat struggled aginst the heavy swirling current.

As the young men drew near the building and one of them was getting hold of one of the half-rotten pillars of the tumble-down portico over which was the window whence the light hardly perceptible now as they were close upon it, proceeded, little Maggie Gordon clapped her hands joyfully, still singing the refrain, "Will you go, will you go, go to that beautiful land with me?" Then leaning out from the open window, and looking down at the occupants of the boat, she said artlessly, "I knew you'd come, for you see, I told God all about it. Are you angels?"

"No, little one," said George in a voice that trembled at first a little. "God sent us instead of angels. Jump, and I will catch you. Is there any one else in the house?"

"No, sir; granny was here, but she drank up all the whisky and then she went to sleep. I was so tired and I had cried so much, I went to sleep too."

"Where is she now, and why were you left here?" asked Charles, placing the child carefully at his feet in the boat.

"Well, we slept and slept till all at once, not a great while ago, granny jumped off the bed kind of crazy-like, as she is after she has the whisky and sleeps a good while. She forgot the water, I suppose, for she started to go down stairs. I heard a great splash, and then I was alone. Then I didn't know what to do, I was so sleepy and frightened and tired, and I was afraid to go to the door and look down on the black water. But pretty soon I began to think how Father Hawley had said in the Sunday-school up in the old church on Front street—'If folks will pray to God when they are in trouble, He will hear them and help them.' Then I remembered that my teacher said that praying was just like talking to God; so I said, 'Dear God, I haven't thought much about praying to you, for there hasn't been much the matter. But now the water is way up high, and granny's gone, and I am all alone. There aren't any folks around here now, and it's growing darker and darker, and I don't know what to do. Won't you please send some one to come and take me away? and I'll promise to be good, and not forget you again.' And then I thought that they always sang in Sunday-school after they prayed; so just now I began to sing 'Beautiful Land,' because I wanted to get on some dry land so bad. When I was singing I

wasn't so afraid and so lonesome; so I kept singing till you came."

So went the prayer of a little child answered.

S. S. Times.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Some of our housekeeping readers may be interested in knowing the manner of making Brussels carpets, as described by a manufacturer: "Brussels carpets may consist of six thicknesses of worsted; they are also made of five, four, three, and even two thicknesses, but usually of three, four and five. Brussels carpet which consists of six thicknesses is termed a 'six-frame carpet,' and, in like manner, is formed of five thicknesses is 'five-frame,' one of four thicknesses 'four-frame,' and so on. The greater the thickness the better the carpet. What are termed Wilton carpets may be described as Brussels carpets with a velvet instead of a looped pile. They are made in the same manner as Brussels carpets, only the wire over which the warp threads pass is larger, and its end is flattened into a blade resembling that of a pocket-knife. The increased size of the wire makes bigger loops, and the knife-blade cuts the loops as the wire is drawn from the carpet, making a velvet-like surface. Tapestry carpets have a looped surface like Brussels, but the loops are often cut when a 'velvet pile' carpet is formed—the velvet pile bearing the same relation to tapestry that Wilton does to Brussels."

MEN'S PART.

Most of the preachers we have seen from the text of happy homes have been aimed at the women. This is natural enough, for they are the home makers of the world; but we desire to nudge the heads of the households, and ask them how they are performing their responsible part in the realm of home. Their forte lies in breathing and enjoying the atmosphere after somebody else has made it; and but a few can get along and make known their authority without "raising a breeze" in it. Men are too busy, too much preoccupied, too impatient and thoughtless, and, it must be said of some of them, too selfish, to do their fair share of that pre-eminently millennial work, the creating of a happy home, wherein love reigns supreme, and amiability, affection, cheerfulness, joy, and peace are the natural conditions of family life.

Now, in certain things, man has been a constitutional shirk from the time of Adam. Scientific gentlemen have let us say Adam—down to this day. Men will fight for their homes, and make slaves of themselves to their business to maintain them; but like the proverbial man who would die for a woman, but would never bring up a scuttle of coal, they can tell what their children are studying in school, who their mates are, what they are learning of good or evil, or hardly anything else that a father ought to know concerning his offspring. It is so sad a fact as to spoil the satire when it is sad that many a father finds his Sabbath and holidays too few to "become acquainted with his boys." But we maintain that a father who hasn't time to be a father to his children, with all that that includes, has no right to have any. He wrongs them, robs himself, puts an unjust responsibility upon the mother, and neglects his highest duties, human and divine.

There are so many ways in which a father may contribute to happy home life that it seems strange the number of houses should so greatly exceed the homes. It takes so little to make children happy at home that it is a wonderous pity that so many little ones are miserable, uneasy, or discontented. If for an hour after the evening meal the father should give himself to his children, would the mother wear out so fast, or the children be so lawless, troublesome and uncomfortable? What a ministry for good to both parties is a papa's frolic with the babies! What an interest is added to the books, the drawings, the games, or even the studies, if the father enters into them! —*Golden Rule.*

PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, because which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress

may or may not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

Lutheran Missionary.

LITTLE CROSSES.

As a general thing, it may be expected that all Christians will find themselves able to bear the great crosses of life, because they come with observation; they attract notice by their very magnitude, and by putting the soul on its guard, give it strength to meet them. But happy, thrice happy, is he who can bear the little crosses which ever lie in wait, and which attack us secretly, and without giving warning, like a thief in the night.

MINDING EARTHLY THINGS.

We ask for honor; and to us is given To be the sons of God, the heirs of heaven! The "King of kings" prepares above the sky, At His right hand a seat of royalty; But we accept it not; earthly renown Is all we ask—we spurn a heavenly crown.

We seek for wealth. The "pearl of price unknown."

At once a bounteous God would make our own. Freely would His munificence dispense An "incorruptible inheritance." But no; when perishable things are o'er We seek enduring treasures—not before!

We pant for fame. In characters of gold, The "Book of Life" is to our view unrul'd; And there Jehovah would record our name, Among the chosen friends of Christ the Lamb. But our ambition soars not to the sky—Enough an earthly immortality!

We ask for bliss. God has for us in store Fulness of joy—pleasures forevermore. But here, too, we refuse the proffered good, Because 'tis given us in such plenitude. We would for time's few fleeting days be blest, Heedless of an eternity of rest.

Oh, how unworthy the immortal mind, Its every wish to fleeting time confined! If from this transitory scene we rise, To a bright home of glory in the skies, How like the vision of an infant's dream Will such low thoughts, such mean conceptions seem!

Exchange.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

Hebrew women, for instance, were simply merchandise, bought, as Rachel and Joseph, and handled to suit the safety or pleasure of their owners, as Rebecca and Sarah in Egypt and Gerar.

Yet Athalia, daughter of Omri, sat on the throne six years; and Alexandra, a Hebrew woman, reigned over them. Semiramis, a woman in Assyrian slavery, became a queen and made her name great by the building of Babylon in a single year.

Though the Turks had power of life and death over their wives, and if they rebelled under the terrible tortures and punishments of their lot, the very inexpensive power of divorce, by simply answering when they ask permission to go out, "Go," without adding, "But come back again," yet in 1830, the greatest actual power in Turkey was Sultana Valeydeh.

Persian women of the lower classes are menial slaves, supporting masters of unlimited power who do absolutely nothing themselves, and the upper classes rarely leave the harem from the cradle to the grave. Yet, Cassandana, wife of Cyrus, "ruled Cyrus and Persia as she would," and ruled so well, that at her death the nation mourned twenty days. "Mourned for a woman!"

The worst effect of Mohammedanism has been its degrading of women, but the wife of "The Prophet," Kadijah, was the first to accept his religion, and as he afterwards said, "the greatest, best and most powerful of all who accepted it."

Brahmin women never see the face of man, except those of their husbands, nor any walls but those of their own harem, and while their husbands are away, are hardly allowed the necessities of life. Yet the world is indebted to Mherul Nisa for its first beautiful cashmere shawls, and the existence of that exquisite perfume, attar—properly spelled atar—of roses. Her name was stamped upon the coin of India, and the title given her of Noor Jehan, "Light of the world."

All the cotton and silk used in Burmah is the work of her women, and those exquisite fabrics and delicate designs displayed at the Centennial might well have been placed in a woman's pavilion, for they were all the work of gentlewomen of Burmah, for which they had probably received blows that they had not worked faster, and for their endurance and perseverance, cheered by the proverb, "Woman has many lives and bears much killing."

Siamese women fight beside their husbands, and often in front of them, who at home are beaten like beasts to all manner of drudgeries. They, however, have the uncommon privilege of refusing an offered husband if they choose, and take their revenge in advance by refusing

any one who comes without a number of human skulls taken in battle.

Chinese women are, perhaps, of all, the most secluded in the upper classes. The bride is not seen by the bridegroom till, in a close palanquin, she is brought to his door, where, in full dress, with the key of the palanquin that has been sent him in advance, he awaits her. He has the one alternative of refusing her, if she displeases him, at the cost of double the amount paid for her.

She is his slave complete, except that he cannot sell her until he has gained a divorce, and is subject to such mottoes as "first dressed and last undressed all the year round," and the like, and, in some parts of China, to a divorce that consists in simply breaking "chopsticks" before witnesses. Many writers, however, ascribe the first spinning to the wife of the Emperor Yao, and the discovery of the use of the silk-worm was the work of the wife of Hoang Ti. Silk-worms, until lately, were cared for entirely by women, called Tsam Mow.

In Liberia, where the marriage ceremony consists of the bride's taking off the bridegroom's shoes as a sign of subjection, and being laid at his feet with the expression, "Wolf, take thy lamb," the physicians and sorcerers feared and obeyed by men are chiefly women.

Notwithstanding the general degradation of the sex, energetic, powerful women have made their power felt in Egypt. The wife of Mohammed Ali was made judge by the people, who rarely appealed to the Basha, and when they did, received the reply: "By my two eyes! if she requires it, it must be done, though it be through fire, water, and stone."

Dido, sister of Pygmalion, King of Tyre, was founder of Carthage. Mr. Park, the great American traveler, pays this tribute to the women of Africa: "In all my travels, I never addressed language of politeness to dark-skinned women without receiving a polite reply; and, if hungry, thirsty, wet, or sick, never failed to receive assistance from them." —*Hartford Post.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

COLD LAMB.—Cut up the lamb in small pieces, place in a skillet, with one chopped green onion, salt, pepper, one bay leaf, and green peas, the canned will do, in quantity with the meat, a little of the cold lamb gravy, flour and butter, and water just sufficient to cover it evenly; let simmer one-half hour. When done, add the juice of a lemon.

COFFEE STEEPERS.—Be careful to keep the coffee (or tea) steepers clean; they should be almost as bright inside as out. From continual use a thin coating forms on the inside of the steamer, which in time becomes rank and taints the flavor of the coffee. Always

Miscellaneous.

LICHEN.

BY MISS KITTIE M. EBY.

Little lichen, fondly clinging,
In the wildwood to the tree;
Covering unseemly places,
Hiding all thy tender graces.
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.

Little lichen, emblem sweet
Of a friend, whom now I greet;
She, too, dwelleth in the shade,
Pining not for sunnier glade,
Clinging to the dear home-walls,
Where scarce a ray of sunshine falls.

Yet in her heart such love abideth,
That she like the dark places hideth;
She would not be a roadside flower,
Nor long to dwell in sunny bower;
She loves the deep and woody shade,
She loves the dark that God has made.

She is not dazed with golden glare
Of worldly joy, however fair;
And in her little corner shineth

A purer light, my soul divineth,
Than any earthly sunshine bringeth;

A light from Him to whom she clingeth.
—In March number of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

TURKISH LOVE OF WATER.

A Turk thinks he can do nothing so grateful to God and man as the setting up of a fountain by the roadside or in the streets of the city, where the wayfarer and his animals may appease their thirst and bless the name of him who provided for their wants. Often in my travels, says a correspondent, I have halted beneath the shade of a wide-spreading plane tree to slake my thirst at the limpid waters of a marble fountain, and to repose from the noonday heat. There is always some edifying distich from the Koran, that "Water is the gift of God, and blessed is he who distributes it," or that "Water is the source of health and life," etc. There is a practical piety in these monuments of charity that speaks well for the benevolent disposition of the Mussulman. The Turks are great consumers of water, and they are good judges of its quality and nice in what they use. The favorite water, that is sold at a para a glass in the streets, is from Asia; either from Tchamildja, on the mountain about Scutari, or from Karakoulak, some ten miles up the Bosphorus, several miles inward from Belos. This is brought to the landing in barrels, on horses' backs, put in barges, and in this way carried to Constantinople before daylight. Notwithstanding the length of the journey, it is as clear as crystal. The vendors cry it as, "Bowz guibi"—as good as ice. A pasha will drain two goblets at a swallow. As water is said to have fattening properties, the large draughts they take of it may be the cause, in part, of the obesity to which both sexes of the Turks are subject.

FENCING IN JAPAN.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armor, and were distinguished from each other by the color of their cuirasses. Their appearance was heralded by a blast from a conch shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man, attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon, he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them with loud ejaculations. At each corner of the arena sat a judge, with all the dignity of a Roman Senator, motionless and silent, until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favorite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good humor characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of retiarius with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trowsers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the

motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords. Finally another Amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles. It is remarkable that the Japanese are able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they also compare favorably with many which find favor in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including the "Go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of Eastern Asia, is not conspicuous in Japan, where animals in general may be said to have a good time.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

SIBERIAN EXILES.

The exiles who live in the mines are convicts of the worst type, and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver, or quicksilver, under the eyes of taskmasters, who have orders not to spare them. Iron gates guarded by sentries, close the lodes or streets at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rocks—very kennels—into which they must creep on all fours. . . . They have only two holidays a year—Christmas and Easter—and all other days, including Sundays, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary. Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home. The most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor, as a reward for industry, which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ANCIENT ROME.

The following vivid pen-picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Ford: If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble which outnumbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in recent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase from the tomb of Alexander Severus was long considered a genuine sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his table of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bed-room. A banquet dish of Drusillus weighted five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at \$800,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and orna-

mented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes, executed in lively colors.

But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were citizen nobles who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be \$5,000 per day when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now.

ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH MERINO SHEEP.

The valuable race of the Spanish Merino sheep is probably an inheritance of Roman civilization. The race most prized by the Romans was called the Tarantine, from Tarantine, a town settled by a Greek colony. They were called also Greek sheep. Their wool was of exceeding fineness, and they were protected by coverings of skins, and were also carefully housed, and often combed and bathed in oil and wine. Hence they were delicate. Columella, the eminent agricultural writer of the Romans, who lived in the country before the Christian era (*De Re Rustica*, Lib. vii., chap. 2), says, that his paternal uncle, M. Columella, "a man of rare genius and an illustrious agriculturist," transported to Cadiz to his farm-lands which were in Boetica, comprehending a part of the present province of Estremadura, some wild rams of admirable whiteness, brought from Africa, and crossed them with the covered or Tarantine ewes. Their offspring, which had the paternal whiteness, being put to paternal ewes, produced rams with a fine fleece. The progeny of these again retained the softness of the dam and the whiteness of the sire and grandsire. Our agriculturists undoubtedly imitated Columella, and a stronger constitution was thus imparted to fine fleeced but delicate sheep of ancient Italy. That this improvement commenced in ancient Spain is further established by the testimony of Strabo, who says, in his geography of that country (Lib. iii., chap. 2), that in his time, that of the emperor, Tiberius, wool of great fineness and beauty was exported from Huddalanta, a part of Boetica, and that the rams were sold in that province for improving the breed for a talent each, or about one thousand dollars. When the Roman empire was overrun by the barbarians, the Tarantine stock of Italy, being very tame, became extinct, but the improved stock of Boetica, living in the mountains, survived, and was perpetuated by the Moors, who, skilled in the textile arts, could appreciate its value. It still exists in the Merino of Spain. If this view is correct, the Merino race is the most important surviving relic of the material civilization of the Greeks and Romans.—*Fleece and Loom.*

ESTHETIC REASONS FOR OBELISKS.

Egypt is the land of colossi. The notion of bigness seems to have held a closer grip over the despotic Egyptian mind than over any other psychological specimen with which we are acquainted. It does not need a journey up the Nile to show us their fondness for the immense; half an hour at the British Museum is quite sufficient. Now why did the Egyptians so revel in enormous works of art? This question is usually answered by saying that their absolute rulers loved thus to show the vastness of their power; and doubtless the answer is very true as far as it goes, and quite falls in with our theory given above. But it does not always happen that despotic monarchs build pyramids or Memnon; and the further question suggests itself—what was there in the circumstances of Egypt which determined this special and exceptional display of architectural extravagance? As we cast about for an answer, an analogy strikes us at once. Taking the world as a whole, I think it will be seen that the greatest architectural achievements are to be found in the great plain countries, and that mountain districts are comparatively bare of large edifices. The plain of Lombardy, the plain of the Low Countries, the plain of Chartres, the lower Rhine Valley, the eastern counties—these are the spots where our great European cathedrals are to be found; and if we pass over to Asia, we shall similarly discover the country for pagodas, mosques, and temples, in the broad basins of the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Indus, the Hoang-Ho and the Yangtze-kiang. No doubt castles and fortresses are to be found everywhere on heights for purposes of defence; but purely ornamental architecture is most

flourishing in level expanses of land. Now there is no level expanse in the world, habitable by man, so utterly unbroken and continuous as the Valley of the Nile. Herein, doubtless we have a clue to the special Egyptian love for colossal undertakings of every sort. Let us proceed to apply it psychologically. Children at play on the sands do not pile up their great mound in the midst of rocks and boulders. On the contrary, they choose a level space, where no neighboring object overpeers and casts into the shade their little colossus—not by premeditation and concert, of course, but by instinctive feeling that a big heap will look bigger just here. So with primitive man; he puts his tumulus not in the midst of natural elevations which mock his puny efforts, but in some wide plain where its size comes out by contrast with the small objects around. And as civilization advances, it will naturally follow that man will most indulge his love for conspicuous displays of material power in those places where such displays produce the greatest effect. In mountain countries, man's handiwork is apt to be dwarfed by the proximity of nature's majestic piles, and his *amour propre* is not constantly stimulated to some greater and yet greater achievement; but in wide and level valleys the effects he can produce are so relatively striking that every despot is urged on by an overwhelming desire to outdo the triumphs of his predecessors. From Timur's pyramid of skulls to the Arc de l'Etoile, in Paris, one sees the same spirit of boastfulness, allied with the same predatory instinct, running through the long line of columns, pillars, triumphal arches, and Nelson monuments.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Selections.

Persecution tends to strengthen a good cause.

Time sits heavily when it is badly employed.

Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending.—*Anon.*

We may know what Christ has done for us by what He has done in us.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

If religion has done nothing for your temples, it has done nothing for your souls.

As soon as God makes a man a Christian by faith, Satan loses a subject and finds an enemy.

When ye have shut the doors, and have made all dark within, remember never to say that ye are alone, for ye are not; but God is within.—*Epictetus.*

Let us pray God that He would root out of our hearts everything of our own planting, and set out there, with His own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruits.—*Fenelon.*

When roused to rage, the maddening populace storms, their fury, like a rolling flame, bursts forth unquenchable; but give its violence way, it stands itself, and its force abates, learns to obey and yields it to your will.—*Euripides.*

There is many a soul trudging along life's pathway with weary, uncertain steps, sad and down-hearted, who would, if there was a kind hand reached out to help him, walk erect and step lightly, and even sing while passing over the rough places.

Allowing the performance of an honorable action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon over, but the honor is immortal; whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone, but the dishonor is eternal.—*John Stewart.*

The idol in the market stands, Wrought deftly by the graver's hands, And visible to every eye. Yet doth a truer idol lie That monarch's cruel heart within, And fashioned out of his great sin. Self is the name by which they call That idol,—type of idols all.

Translated from the Arabic.

It is your duty and your privilege to pray very earnestly that your minister may become a blessing to you and to others; and if Christ gives you a minister who is a burning and a shining light, "take heed that you love and rejoice in his light;" let your frequent petitions be to him for instruction in soul crosses and under spiritual difficulties, and thus walk as children of the light, that your path may be the path of the just, which shines more and more unto the perfect day, and the end of your course shall be in those blissful regions of everlasting light, where you shall shine forth with your minister, and both with Christ as the sun in the kingdom of the heavenly Father.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Books and Periodicals.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME. May, 1878. Contents: Michael Airdrie's Freehold; Diary of Nine Days on a Nile Boat; Imperfect Theology; Tropical Vegetation in the East; Kensal Green Cemetery; Gardiner and Lady Jane Grey; The Pulpit in the Family; Pages for the Young; Scripture Exercises; Hymns of the Early Church; The Translation of Elijah and the Ascension of Christ; "Stop, Sir!" Parables of Prayer; An Arran Sketch; Leo XIII., at Home; Thoughts from Thomas Fuller; How to know a Scotchman; The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted; Monthly Religious Record. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, and 164 Piccadilly. American Sunday-School Union: Agents for the United States.

THE PENN MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics. May, 1878. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 and 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, London: Trübner & Co., Berlin: A. Asher & Co. Terms: \$3.00 per annum. Single numbers, 30 cents. Contents: Under the head of "The Month" the following subjects are brought under review: The Eastern Question; will there be a Congress? The Paris Exposition—Irish Land Law and Tenant Rights—Some Effects of the Bland Bill—Treasury Statements and Resumption—The Wood Tariff Bill.

The Administration and Civil Service Reform—National Questions vs. Party Lines—Business Prospects—The Pennsylvania Museum of Art—University of Pennsylvania. Besides, there are interesting and able articles as follows: The Training of Children; Aviary, Beethoven, Two Sonnets; Statesmanship for the Times; The Use and Abuse of Examinations; "A Counterfeit Presentment;" New Books; Books Received.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age for the weeks ending May 4th and 11th have the following very valuable contents:—Russia and India, from the Nineteenth Century; Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oiphant, from advance sheets; The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield, *Fortnightly Review*; The conclusion of *Erica*, translated for The Living Age, from the German of Frau von Ingwersen; The Gothic Fragments of Ulissas, *Macmillan*; A Recollection of the Indian Mutiny, by Thomas Farquhar, *Sunday at Home*; *Æs Triplex, Cornhill*; The Pleasures of Mediocrity, *Saturday Review*; A Fearful Swing, *Chambers Journal*; Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," by Edward A. Freeman, Part II., *Contemporary Review*; Second Sight, translated from the French for The Living Age; Modern Japan, Part II., *Fortnightly Review*; Note-Deafness, *Mind*; Positivism on an Island: the new Paul and Virginia, *Contemporary*; Can Jews be Patriots? *Nineteenth Century*; A Romance of the East Coast, *Fraser*; and the usual select poetry and miscellany.

For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; or for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with The Living Age for a year, both paid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

BOTTLING AIR FOR FUTURE EXAMINA-

TION.—During the Centennial summer samples of air were collected on various occasions upon the exhibition grounds at Philadelphia, and in the different buildings; also in this city, in Brooklyn, Hoboken, and on many of the Adirondack mountains, with a view to transmitting them to the chemists of 1876, to determine whether the earth's atmosphere is undergoing change. That the atmosphere has undergone enormous changes since the earlier geological ages is beyond a doubt. The present quest is on whether such changes are still slowly going on, and what their nature may be. The ordinary statement that the air has an invariable composition is not strictly true, since samples of air collected at different times and in different places, are never found to be absolutely identical. The difference may be slight; but an apparently insignificant decrease in the percentage of oxygen becomes of grave importance when the deficiency, as is usually the case, is made up of less beneficial elements.—*Scientific American*.

RAISING THE OBELISK.—The plan for raising may be very briefly described. The column will be fitted with a powerful iron jacket as near the centre of gravity as is wanted, and this jacket has two massive iron trunnions, just like the trunnions of a great gun. These trunnions will rest on two wrought-iron girders of great strength, and the whole will then resemble a monster canon on a slide without wheels. One end of the column being raised by hydraulic presses a sufficient height, say a foot, it will be kept so raised by a powerful balk of timber slid under it. The other end will then be similarly treated, and thus, slowly but surely, it will ascend foot by foot, shored up with timber at every stage, laid in the way which will best secure the stability of the whole structure. The jacket, it is thought, will clip the stone sufficiently tight to hold it when in a vertical position; but in dealing with such enormous weights and a tapering column, it is as well to err on the safe side; so Mr. Dixon has wisely decided to have a wrought-iron strap, eighteen inches broad and more than an inch thick, which will pass from one side of the jacket under the base of the monolith and up again to the jacket on the other side. Thus, then, during the few minutes it will be suspended vertically before being lowered to its base, it will stand in a band as if in a stirrup, and the more its weight presses on the band, the tighter it will make the jacket grip. The column, as we have explained, will be hoisted horizontally, but when it has reached the required height, the supports under the base will be removed, and the base being slightly in excess of the rest (2½ tons), the whole stone will slowly revolve on the trunnions till it hangs direct over its appointed spot and about four inches above it. It is then simply turning on the tops of the hydraulic presses, and the column will sink into its base in about two minutes. A small gap will be left in the centre of the base, so as to enable the iron band to be removed, but when this is done and the gap filled up with granite blocks all will be completed.—*London Times*.

Personal.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, lectures on "St. Bernard and His Times," at Princeton Seminary next term.

The chairman of a Massachusetts lyceum said:—"This evening, ladies and gentlemen, we are to have a lecture by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who will amuse and instruct you—probably."

Bishop Simpson, at the ordination of elders at the East German Conference, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., used the German ritual.

The address before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College during next commencement will be delivered by the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy.

The death is announced of Miss Priscilla Nicholson, one of the missionaries of the American Board, at Erzerum, Turkey. Erzerum is scourged with typhus fever, which the American missionaries are doing their utmost to relieve; while engaged in this service Miss Nicholson lost her life.

Science and Art.

Artificial flowers are now made so skilfully that it is difficult to tell them from the genuine. Each being perfumed with its natural odor, this deception is rendered the more complete.

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The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
 Rev. J. M. TITZEL,
 Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1878.

COUNTERFEITS OF THE GOOD.

The disposition of the Evil One to assume the garb of an angel of light, has been noted and dwelt upon ever since he beguiled our first parents to their ruin. The Bible so full of warnings, is not silent in regard to this subtlety. From the beginning Satan is described not as telling his victim the consequences of sin, but as holding out promises of elevation and happiness to man. This was the Siren song with which he first prevailed, and ever since, although our poor humanity, like a sick child wrung with anguish, has cried itself to sleep upon his stifled heart only to be tortured by his iron hand when it awoke, he has succeeded; because he has said, "ye shall not die, but be as God."

There has always been simulation of the good, and sometimes this has been accompanied by lying wonders, by which the very elect would, if possible, be deceived. The miracles of Moses were met by wonder-works, as if in attempt to overmatch the Almighty. When God sent forth His prophets, they were followed by false prophets; and when Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the Devil, anti-christ also appeared. Yea, just when the Word became flesh there was a terrible effort to imitate Him, as witness the demoniacal possessions which, however, never could attain to an incarnation, but always showed a will upon a will, tearing the poor victims and leading them through fire and water whither they would not. So ever since, the mystery of iniquity has worked side by side with the mystery of grace, and if we wish to know the form of its manifestation, we will be almost sure to find them in counterfeits of the good. Some one has remarked that as there has been an aping of the sovereignty of the Father in the tyrannies of the world, and of the Son, in the disposition of the Papacy to exalt itself to equality with God, as though He already sat visibly enthroned, so there is now an effort on the part of the evil one to come into power under the pretence of a dispensation of the Holy Spirit. And how many utterances of the kind have been heard since the day of Pentecost no one need be told. The spirit of lawlessness which has sought to hide itself in the guise of Christian freedom, and promised liberty while making new slaves to delusions, was known even in the days of St. Paul, and has not abated its zeal in our own times. We have not only individuals but sects, who, in the name of Christianity, are trying to break down the family as something that separates men; seeking to abolish all distinction between man and woman, and between the church and the world, as though the leveling of such distinctions would take away the barriers between the members of the human race and make everything holy. It is on some such plea for a higher spirituality and liberty, that the Church of Christ is often rent, and that anarchy ensues. This spirit is always pretentious, claiming greater orthodoxy and piety, yet despotic to the last degree and using its liberty as a cloak for maliceousness.

The same dangerous element, which, with a false cry in behalf of humanity and human rights, disturbs the state by its agrarianism, and communism, is apt to invade the Church. It is just under the assumed veil of God's benignity, that monstrous shapes loom up from the pit and pretend to execute his law, though in the end they defy Him by breaking up the whole order of His grace and taking away every impediment His mercy

has placed in the way of our destruction. However sweet and specious the promise may be at first, this lawlessness is sure to bring ruin and sorrow in the end. The false spirit may not appear at once in its undisguised deformity; it may not even seem to take shape at all, but like the Evil One hide behind the clouds and ride in the storm, but its onset will be none the less upon the bark of the Saviour, and if it does not sink it, it will be because rebuked by the Serene One's awaking.

WHEN THE WELL IS DRY.

The kingdom of Christ is so out of harmony with the world, that service cannot be rendered to Him except in the midst of difficulties. The things of this life often embarrass us in the performance of the simplest Christian duty. Attendance upon Divine worship, for instance, frequently involves, at least, an inconvenience for those who have household cares, and may find it hard at all times to control things; and unless there is a constraining love for Christ urging them onward, they are apt to yield to discouragements and settle down into habits of neglect and indifference.

But how differently things are viewed when attendance upon such duties have become an impossibility. Then we appreciate that a precious privilege is denied to us. The mother kept at home to watch her little child delirious with fever, thinks of former Sundays when she could go to the house of God; and the sick man confined to a bed of pain, dwells with longing upon the hours when he could join in the public service of the sanctuary. Only when the brightening blessings take their flight, do we know their worth; but the very thought of this should make us value them while they last, and enjoy them while we can.

THE PRESBYTERIAN'S POINTS.

The *Presbyterian*, in speaking in a late issue of our strictures upon its efforts to abolish a clause in Article IV. of the Apostles' Creed, says, that we have not denied the facts it asserted, but simply tried to set them aside. Certainly that is a mistake. We denied almost every historical point it tried to make, and showed out of the mouths of its own witnesses, that their testimony had been so mutilated and perverted as to give out wrong impressions. Then it was that our esteemed contemporary said that our proofs did not affect the main question; it simply fell back upon the position of the Greek Delegates at Florence as being opposed to the insertion of the article in the creed, and when we showed that the Eastern Legates even went so far as to admit the benefit of masses and alms for the dead, the whole foundation of its historical argument fell away.

If now it still insists that the points upon which we dwell are the "least important of any that it signalized," we reply that they are the *only* points it raised in "the few assertions" it made, and which it says we answered at such great length. They were, moreover, the points upon which it relied at first, but which it now has in reality been forced to abandon, although in one place it calls our proof an "explanation," and we think and respectfully submit, virtually repeats its error. Any one who examines what we have written, will find that what we said even in regard to forms of the Creed among the Greek Fathers, was not disingenuous.

Our contemporary seems to go upon the presumption, that if the article of the Descent into hell was not in the Creed at first in its present "form" from the beginning, it is entitled to no historical respect. That is the Romish theory, and will upset nearly the whole symbol. The truth is, we have every reason to suppose, as John Calvin says, that the article "was inserted a little after the days of the Apostles, and was not immediately but gradually received into the churches. This, at least, cannot be controverted, that it was agreeable to the general opinion of the faithful; since there is not one of the fathers who does not mention in his writings the descent into hell, though they explain it in different senses. By whom, or at what period it was first inserted, is of little

consequence; it is of more importance that the Creed should present us a full and complete summary of faith, into which nothing should be inserted but what is taken from God's Holy Word." In the above the great Reformer expresses our views exactly. But we have gone over the ground before, and should perhaps now dismiss it, as there is danger that such discussions may run into mere repetitions, which will become wearisome to almost every one.

There are, however, some new points in our contemporary's last article which are worthy of notice. We can only mention two of them now, and leave the third for the future. The *Presbyterian* gives a reason why in its opinion the article should be dropped, or rather seeks to account for the fact, that it was allowed to stand in the Creed by the reformers. It quotes Dr. Schaff as saying, "until the middle of the seventeenth century, it was the current belief of Roman Catholics and Protestant Christendom, that the Apostles' Creed was *membratim articulatumque* composed by the Apostles at Jerusalem." From this our contemporary is led to understand why the Reformers did not throw the "repulsive" clause away. We do not know in what connection Dr. Schaff said this, and so we will not attempt to judge of it; he hardly used it as an argument for a dismemberment of the Creed, but as a statement, it seems strange in view of the fact, that Rufinus successfully denied the Apostolic origin of the Symbol, as early as the fourth century, and it was disputed even afterwards. But besides, it is a lame apology for the Reformers that they allowed what our contemporary calls a "repulsive" and "unscriptural" article to stand through mere respect to Romish tradition. That was not the way of the Reformers, who have left behind them a very different reason for the faith that was in them.

The *Presbyterian* objects to our use of the word "Hades" instead of "Hell" in this discussion. But in its issue of Mar. 9th, it objects to the word "Hell," and if it asserts that "Hades" is equally unscriptural, it admits that in saying so it runs against the view of the great mass of Hebrew and Greek scholars. It wants to rule "Hade" out to make a stronger point against the whole article in question. But to do this it must substitute *gehenna* even in the New Testament, and then it will not be satisfied. Nothing but an abolition of the whole article will do. But among other things we find a plea for the word we use in the quotation our contemporary makes from Dr. Schaff in its last article: "The current translation 'hell' is apt to mislead, and excludes the important fact, the only one which we *certainly* know of the *triduum* that Christ was in Paradise in the time between death and crucifixion." We do not think the word Hades which Dr. Schaff certainly favors is thus exclusive.

The *Presbyterian* thinks we have misrepresented Calvin in the references we have made to him. We will be glad to show in future that we have not done so, and that neither the Genevan Reformer, nor any one else whom our contemporary quotes, favors its idea of dropping the article under consideration from the Creed.

THE MEETING OF THE GENERAL SYNOD.

The triennial sessions of the General Synod will commence in the city of Lancaster, Pa., on the evening of the 15th instant. Such occasions are generally fraught with influences, which exert an immense power upon the future interests and destiny of the Church. They should, therefore, be ever regarded with the deepest interest by the membership of the Church generally, and much prayer and supplication should be offered up, invoking the special presence of the great Head of the Church with His servants, and His guidance and direction in all their deliberations. Especially should those, upon whom devolves the solemn and responsible duty of participating in the deliberations which shall engage attention, endeavor to realize the responsibility of their position, and to meet it faithfully in the fear of God.

It is to be hoped, that those whom these few thoughts specially concern, will give them proper consideration,

and endeavor by the grace of God to carry them into practical effect. In that event, we may confidently hope, that the present triennial assembly will indeed prove a blessing to the Church, and redound greatly to the glory of God. Brethren should learn to regard each other as members of one common Christian family, who have vast mutual interests at stake, and seek to avoid everything that may tend to produce alienation of feeling, or that will in any wise interfere with the cultivation and manifestation of that charity, which suffereth long, and is kind; which enviieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. 1 Cor. 13: 4-8. F.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT LANCAS TER, PA.

The annual session in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., was brought to a close on Thursday evening of last week. The Board of Visitors convened on Tuesday afternoon previous, and continued its sessions until Thursday afternoon. Ten of the twelve members were present, one of those absent being detained at home by the death of a near relative. More than usual interest was manifested in the business transacted. A new feature connected with it, was the receiving of criticisms upon the essays of the graduating class by members of the Board, to each of whom, one of them had been transmitted some weeks before the meeting took place. The main portion of Tuesday evening was devoted to this particular business.

The examinations commenced on Wednesday morning, and extended through three sessions, until Thursday noon. They were, upon the whole, highly satisfactory, and gave evidence of the careful training to which the students are subjected by their professors. The number of students connected with the institution during the year is twenty-five. Of these eleven belonged to the Senior, eight to the Middle, and six to the Junior Class.

On Wednesday evening, the sermon before the Society of Inquiry was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., formerly pastor of the Duke Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Lancaster, Pa. A very respectable audience favored the occasion with their presence. His text was 2 Timothy iii. 16 and 17, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

The discourse occupied a little over an hour in delivery, though the enunciation of the speaker is more than usually rapid. It was listened to with marked attention, and abounded in passages of special beauty and force. The discourse, we understand, is to appear as an article in the next number of the *Mercersburg Review*, when those who were not present at its delivery will have an opportunity to read it and appreciate its merits.

The leading object of the discourse was to defend the Bible, as a divinely inspired book, over against the objections of those, who seek to rob it of its claims in this particular direction. He referred to the superiority of its contents above those of all other books, which aspired to similar prominence, and its great excellence, also, as a literary production. The Bible is THE BOOK, standing separate and distinct above all other books, and is specially adapted to the wants of man as they grow out of his spiritual condition. It only furnishes that, for which wise men and philosophers have long sought elsewhere in vain.

Efforts have been made of late years, especially among scientists, to prove an irreconcileable conflict between science and the teachings of the Bible. The speaker, by forcible illustrations, proved the utter fallacy of such a position. He went further, and maintained, that instead

of there being anything like a conflict between science and the Bible, the latter has in several particulars corrected the errors of the former. As instances of what was thus insisted upon, he referred to the circulation of the blood as a life power, and to the unity of the universe. This brief reference to the contents of the discourse, will, we trust, be sufficient to awaken such an interest in it, as will secure for it a general perusal, when it shall appear in print.

The liturgical services of the occasion were conducted by the Rev. Edmond R. Eschbach, of Frederick city, Md.

The commencement exercises were held on Thursday evening, and were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, under whose direction also they were carried forward. They were likewise at intervals interspersed with excellent music from the choir connected with the institutions. The graduating class consisted of the following persons Adam J. Bachman, Henry E. Cook, John M. Evans, Benjamin B. Ferer, Frederick B. Hahn, Stephen S. Kohler, John H. Leinbach, Samuel M. Roeder, Daniel E. Rupley, John S. Wagner, and William Henry Xanders. Nine of the number read essays upon the following subjects, and in the order here given: "Thomas a'Becket," by D. E. Rupley; "The Fallen State of Man," by J. M. Evans; "National Religion in Relation to Christianity," by H. E. Cook; "Reflections on Latin Christianity," by B. B. Ferer; "Forgiveness Manifested by Active Obedience," by W. H. Xanders; "Old Testament Religion Contrasted with other Religions," by S. M. Roeder; "Pietism of the 17th and 18th Centuries," by J. H. Leinbach; "Church and State under Constantine," by A. J. Bachman, and "God's Love Revealed in Christ," by J. S. Wagner.

The essays were generally well read, and evinced a commendable degree of care in their preparation. They were all good, whilst several of them were productions of more than usual merit. Though the exercises were protracted through two hours and a half, yet the audience did not seem to weary, nor its interest in them to flag. At the close of the essays, the President of the Board of Visitors, Rev. Dr. A. H. Kremer, presented each of the members of the graduating class with the usual certificate of dismission and recommendation for licensure, accompanying the presentation with a few appropriate remarks. The audience was dismissed with singing a doxology and the pronouncing of the apostolic benediction by the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart. F.

Notes and Quotes.

All General Home and Foreign News has been crowded from our columns this week, by the pressure of Church matters.

We have received an announcement of the Forty-third Anniversary of the Diagnothian Literary Society of Franklin and Marshall College, which will be held in Fulton Opera House, Lancaster, Pa., on Friday evening, May 17th, at 7½ o'clock.

Rev. E. B. Raffensperger, editor of the *American Pulpit*, has some right to complain. He has been laboring hard to keep his work afloat, and now finds that some person who obtained a letter from him on false pretences, has collected a large part of the subscription money, and made off with it. Mr. R., who has never had any doubts about future punishment, thinks his ideas of the necessity of it have received confirmation.

The observance of Easter, outside of churches that have celebrated it by Christian services through centuries, is more and more marked every year. In Boston, for instance, five Congregational, four Unitarian, two Baptist and two Methodist Churches commemorated, in an especial way, the Resurrection of our Lord this year. The Unitarians have, we think, thus made a concession of the Divinity of Christ. The *Churchman*, speaking on this general subject, calls these services "Singing the songs of Zion in a strange land." It seems to

think of them as abnormal outside of the Episcopacy founded by Henry VIII. This is, in our opinion, pretentious; for whatever may be said of New England sects, the German Churches, both Reformed and Lutheran, have not been indebted to the British isles for the leading events in the life of our Divine Redeemer.

It seems that almost any one can create a sensation or at least cause a diversion in the religious world. This is singularly illustrated in the case of Rev. John Jasper, a Baptist preacher of Richmond, Virginia, who believes that "the sun do move." Brother Jasper has a great many adherents among his colored brethren, and at any rate, as he owns the building in which he preaches, he can defy those who do not accept his views, which he seems to have made a test of Church membership.

The elite of the Virginia capital have gone to hear him in the spirit with which they went to the cabins in times past to enjoy the darkey melodies, and the Rev. Brother has gained such a notoriety that he has come North to advocate his theory. Last week he lectured in Concert Hall in this city, and the daily papers gave a great deal of space to show how he disposed of the theory of Copernicus.

The man is very illiterate, and what he says simply amuses people of ordinary intelligence. By many, what he says is laughed at as a good burlesque upon the discussions of the day in regard to science and revelation. From all accounts, his manner is grotesque and his arguments silly, but it would be better if some subject for mirth were chosen other than one which makes flippant use of the Name and the Word of God.

MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Mercersburg Classis held its thirty-eighth annual meeting in the Reformed church of Bedford, Pa., commencing on Thursday evening, April 25th, and ending at noon on Tuesday, the 30th, A. D., 1878. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring President, Rev. J. Hassler, from 1 Cor. 3: 11, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus."

The attendance was unusually full, twenty-six ordained ministers, and twenty-two delegated elders being present. Seven ministers and three licentiates were not in attendance, but were excused for their non-attendance.

The election of officers for the present Classical year, resulted in the choice of Rev. W. A. Gring as President; Rev. Wm. C. Cremer as Vice President; Rev. John A. Peters as Corresponding Secretary, and Rev. Wm. M. Deatrick was re-elected Treasurer.

The usual Standing Committees were appointed, which it is not necessary to enumerate.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Treasurer of Classis submitted his annual report, from which the following facts are drawn. The receipts, during the year, for the Contingent fund of Classis, were \$323,03, including a balance of \$50 64 in the Treasury at the previous annual meeting. The disbursements were \$264,55, thus leaving a balance of \$58,48 in the Treasury. The amount received for missions, and paid over to the Treasurer of the Tri-synodal Board amounted to \$425,61. Upwards of \$106 were contributed for missions that did not pass through the hands of the Treasurer of Classis, but were paid directly to Treasurer Seibert. The amount contributed to meet the appropriations of the beneficiary students of the Classis, under the care of the Synod's Board of Education, and paid to the Treasurer of said Board, reaches to the sum of \$1169.74.

The greater portion of Friday's sessions was taken up in the reading of the parochial and statistical reports of the different pastoral charges, and in propounding the Constitutional questions to the elders of the respective charges. As the summing up of these reports will appear in the Report of the Committee on the State of Religion, the reader is referred to that document for further facts.

Of the twenty-nine pastoral charges comprising the Mercersburg Classis, twenty-four are regularly served by pastors; three were furnished with stated supplies for the present Classical year; one has called a pastor; and the remaining one is about doing so. Thus the charges of this Classis are more thoroughly furnished with the regular ministrations of the sanctuary, than has been the case for a number of years.

Two students under the care of Classis, Samuel C. Long and Isaac N. Peightal, having completed the full three years' theological course of study in the Post Graduate Department of Mercersburg College, were examined, and licensed to preach the Gospel.

The number of beneficiary students under the care of the Classis at present is six. One of these, who is about graduating in Mercersburg College, was granted permission to spend one year in teaching. The Classis made provision to support the remaining five in their studies. Three of these are, or rather soon will be, in the third or senior year of their theological studies; one will enter the first or junior year in the Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., in the coming autumn; and the remaining one to be a freshman in College. From the foregoing, it will appear, that the number of beneficiary students in connection with the Classis is rapidly decreasing.

The Classis apportioned \$675 for Beneficiary Education, \$1,243 for Home Missions, and assessed \$236 to meet the contingent expenses of the Classis for the current year.

Rev. J. H. Sykes was appointed stated supply for the present year for the Middleburg charge, Rev. J. Hassler for the Loudon charge, composed of the Loudon and Fannettsburg churches, and Rev. F. A. Rupley for the Clover Creek charge, consisting of the Clover Creek Church. Revs. J. D. Miller and D. M. Whitmore, and the licentiate I. N. Peightal

were appointed a committee of supply for the Yellow Creek charge.

In order to receive the pastor elect of the McConnellsburg charge, act on his call to said charge, and make provision for his ordination to the ministry and installation, an adjourned meeting of the Classis was ordered to be held in the Reformed church of McConnellsburg, Fulton county, Pa., on Saturday morning, June 15th, 1878, at 9 o'clock.

The following named individuals were duly chosen to represent the Classis at the meeting of the General Synod to convene in Lancaster, Pa., on the evening of the 15th instant, viz: Revs. Dr. E. E. Higbee, J. A. Peters, Wm. M. Deatrick, M. H. Sangree, and Elders J. F. Reed, Wm. Bosser, J. Heyser, and A. Haderman, *primarii*; Revs. W. A. Gring, W. C. Cremer, I. G. Brown, J. H. Sykes, and Elders S. T. Wagner, H. Mickley, J. L. May, and J. R. Avery, *secundi*.

The members of Classis having been very kindly and hospitably entertained by the pastor and members of the Reformed church of Bedford and other citizens of the place, the usual vote of thanks was tendered to them.

The Reformed church of Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pa., was chosen as the place, and Wednesday evening, May 14th, 1878, was fixed as the time, for holding the next annual meeting of Mercersburg Classis. Rev. Cyrus H. Reiter was received from the East Susquehanna Classis.

A call from the Woodcock Valley charge to the Rev. C. H. Reiter was confirmed, and a committee of installation appointed, consisting of Revs. F. A. Rupley, J. A. Peters, and A. G. Dole.

The territory of Mercersburg Classis was subdivided into three districts for the purpose of holding Sunday-school conventions, two or three of which, it is presumed, will be held annually in each district.

The 1st district is composed of Bedford Co. The 2d district embraces Blair and Huntingdon counties. The 3d district is formed of Franklin and Fulton counties, and the Shippensburg charge in Cumberland county. Executive committees were appointed to inaugurate such meetings in each district. The committees are as follows, viz:

1st district—Revs. M. H. Sangree, D. N. Dittmar, and Elder J. P. Reed.

2d district—Revs. A. C. Whitmer, J. M. Shick and Elder D. Dunn.

3d district—Revs. W. C. Cremer, J. H. Sykes, and Elder J. Heyser.

Brevity has been aimed at in the preparation of the foregoing abstract of proceedings.

W.M. DEATRICK, *Stated Clerk.*

REPORT ON THE STATE OF RELIGION IN MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dear Brethren: It is very meet, right and our bounden duty at all times and in all places, to give special thanks to Almighty God, for His protecting hand extended over pastors, elders, and people, during the Classical year just closed. This is particularly our duty at present, in view of the fact, that several of our ministerial brethren are spared to us in the

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down.
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despise to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which often should be preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span
'Twill make the pathway lighter
To smile whene'er you can.

Christian Observer.

JEM THE RAG-PICKER'S EASTER.

BY EMILIE FOSTER.

"Flowers in a church, did you say, Jem? Mustn't it be beautiful! But how did you manage to get in? Not in those ragged clothes, surely!"

"Why, you see, Nell, Church folks isn't made out of the same stuff as peelers. I was hanging round the gate, watching my chance, when suddenly a gentleman came up, and seeing me, said,

"What do you want, my boy?"

"'Nothin'," says I.

"That's easy getting," says he, and passed in. He had such a kind of good look on his face, I seemed to grow a bit brave like, and pressed agin the door so hard it gave a slide and let me in on my hands and knees. Oh my eyes! Nell, wasn't I shamed! There stood the gentleman, standin' stiff and straight, with his arms crossed, this way, Nell, and lookin' straight forward."

"What did you do? Oh, Jem! wasn't you in a fix?"

"Well, I made for the door; but just then the gentleman started, as if he had just come out of a dream, and turnin' round, said,

"My good fellow (yes, Nell, them's his very words), are you still looking for nothing?"

"He looked so soft like, more as your mother does, Nelly, when you're cryin' with your back; so I said, 'I thought I'd like to see the flowers, sir; I never saw them in a church—if you don't mind?'"

"Not a bit, my boy," says he, kinder than ever. "That's just what I came in for myself. Stand right here. You'll get a good sight; but stop, my child, this is God's house."

"Is it? I thought it might be yours. But I'll go right out if you say so."

"Not at all, I mean to say that this is God's house. Here we come to praise and pray, and so always remember to take off your hat when you come in, and the very act will help you remember that the Lord is in this place."

"How you do remember, Jem!"

"I couldn't help it, Nelly; nobody ever spoke so kind to me but you and your mother. The words seemed to go down deep into me and stick there. Catch me ever keepin' my old hat on my head agin when I go in church. Then the minister took me up where the flowers were, pecks and pecks of them, I should say. He told me how folks, and children too, all die down like flowers and are put into the earth, and then the Lord raises them up bright and shining again. Then he said how the Lord died and rose again, and how they keep to-morrow and call it Easter to mind us of Him. It was pretty much like what you read me, Nell, only there was no Easter in your book."

"No," answered Nelly sadly, "and I am afraid there'll never be any Easter in mother's meeting-house. Go on, Jem."

"You love flowers, don't you?" says he, as I stood stock-still staring at 'em. "Yes, sir," says I, "but it isn't for myself I'm looking at them; it's for our Nell."

"Your sister?"

"No, sir," says I. "It's poor Nell, the humpback, as hasn't been downstairs this five year. She's been awful kind, though, to me. You see the way of it is this way: I am a ragpicker, and the old woman that keeps me beats me when I don't bring home lots of stuff, and that day a lot of roughs set on to me and took off my basket, and I couldn't keep from crying, sir. I knew what I would catch when I got home; and all the time our Nelly was lookin' out of the top window, and she made her mother fetch me up to her, as she can't move off her chair, and there she sat crying out of pity for me. That's a twelve-month gone, sir, and ever since Nell's been friends with me. You see, Sundays she makes me brush up and come to her while she reads to me and teaches me to sing. She's took all the tricks out of me, Nell has, by her talk. I never thieves now, nor lies; and I wouldn't say a swear to save myself a beatin'. She's told me about woods and flowers, but I guess she doesn't know about Easter; so I'll have a deal to tell her now." Then he said he must go. And as we came out he said,

"Jem, wouldn't you like to come to church to-morrow and see Easter for yourself?" I thought, Nell, I should never have got my voice to speak, so I looked down at my bare feet and ragged trousers and then said,

"I couldn't bring them in, sir, and I couldn't well come out in—"

"But would you," says he, "come if you had clothes?"

"Oh, wouldn't I, sir?"

"Then come to my house to-morrow at nine," says he, "and we will have some clothes; but get yourself clean before you come." But I must hurry off to my dust heaps or the old woman will lock me up, and then there'll be no Easter-day for poor Jem Connolly."

Nelly closed her eyes as Jem's sunny face vanished taking away, as it seemed to her, all the brightness from the little room; and then the throbbing pain in her poor back, that had seemed to grow less while Jem was telling his wondrous story, all came back, as she faintly sighed, "If only Easter could come to me;" then, her eyes still closed, she tried to see the church and flowers as Jem had seen them, and then to think of the boy's bright to-morrow, till she lost all sense of pain and became a sharer in Jem's joy.

When the rector of St. Luke's church, soon after eight, Easter morning, looked out of his study widow, he spied his young friend leaning against a lamp-post, wistfully gazing up into the windows; and when he tapped and beckoned to him to come in, the boy sprang up the steps, with the swiftness of a young fawn, and doffing his brimless cap, eagerly cried,

"Am I late, sir? I hadn't no way of knowin' time."

Taking him by the hand, the rector tapped at the door, when his housekeeper appeared—one of those kind, motherly souls who always have a tender place in their hearts for little boys, ay! and for big, boisterous ones too.

"Here is Jem, Mrs. Nicol; a little too early for you, I am afraid. Shall I leave him?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," for Mrs. Nicol was always ready for everything, excepting to scold, and about that, I must admit, she was a little procrastinating; but that the rector didn't mind, nor the rectory servants either, for that matter.

As two hours later the church bell pealed out its Easter invitation, Mr. Weir fancied he heard a sweet boy-voice joining in the chorus of the Easter hymn; and quietly opening the housekeeper's door, he saw the kind old lady seated, while close to her side pressed Jem, now completely changed by a suit of clothes quite whole and decent, and well-brushed hair. There he stood, his open face quite flushed with pleasure, keeping time with his foot as he sang the glad chorus,

"Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

That was a bright, bright day in the little rag-picker's life. How his big eyes drank in the beauties of that chancel picture, with its wealth of flowers and trailing vines. How earnestly he listened to the sweet Gospel story of the faithful Mary at early dawn hastening to her Saviour's tomb, and the child's eyes filled with tears of sympathy at Mary's sore lament, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him;" for as yet Jem likewise "knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead."

It is true he did grow a little weary of so many times repeating the little prayer poor crippled Nelly had taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep," whilst on bended knee the congregation joined in Litany and collect; but he contented himself by occasionally peeping through his parted fingers at the flowers on the altar, font, and chancel rail. His knees began to ache and he was just beginning to think if this was the heaven Nelly had so often talked to him of, he would like sometimes to sit down and rest a little, whilst the angels went on with the prayer and praise; when suddenly, with what seemed, indeed, to his sensitive ear, heaven's music, the organ poured forth its rich full notes.

Ab, Jem is fully awake and quite restored now; and very soon, greatly to good Mrs. Nichol's content, the little fellow stood with head thrown back and flushed face, singing out exultingly his

"Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Jem was the housekeeper's guest that day, and every moment had its pleasures. Picture books were a novelty of which he never seemed to tire, and Fritz, the rector's little Blenheim, claimed him as his special playmate, whilst good Mrs. Nichol aired all the stories so long hidden away in the farthest corners of her brain.

How Jem's eyes snapped when Karn, the housemaid, brought him in a heaping plate of smoking hot dinner; and how the maid smiled when called upon by poor Jem to give names to the different articles of his bill of fare, and especially when he said she might take away the knife and fork, for he never used 'em, and didn't know anybody that did but poor Nelly; and he supposed she had to, because she was hump-backed, poor thing.

Karn repeated his remark to Mrs. Nichol, who, full of apprehension for the nice suit of clothes, hastened immediately to Jem's side, when what was her surprise to see Fritz licking a well-scraped plate, whilst Jem, kneeling on elbows and knees, was fast devouring the contents of an illustrated paper. The astonished housekeeper said,

"Did you like your dinner, Jem?"

"Didn't I though," answered Jem, not looking up from his paper. "It was bully!"

"Not a very nice word for the house, my boy; it sounds like a rough street boy."

"I didn't know better, mem. What shall I say inside?"

"It was very nice, would sound much better."

"Yes, 'm," said the boy, still keeping his head bent over the paper.

"But, my child," the good lady continued, "it is not nice to eat so fast; besides, your food will do you little good if so hurriedly eaten."

"No, mem;" and Jem's face grew redder, and his gaze more fixed on the picture before him.

"Now," Mrs. Nichol added, "if you will sit quietly on the little chair I will read a nice story to you."

Jem for a while followed the tale very well, but at last halted over a long word, and whilst trying to guess its meaning lost the thread of the story; and after quietly counting the buttons on Mrs. Nichol's dress, as well as those which tufted the sofa opposite, he gradually fell into a deep sleep.

Presently Fritz, refreshed by a nap of his own, slowly roused himself with a shake of his shaggy coat, and made his way up to his little playfellow's side. Vainly he twirled his bushy tail in his face, or licked his hand, Jem moved not a muscle.

Then Fritz, growing very brave,

planted his front paws on Jem's lap and began to sniff and sniff again. Just then Mrs. Nichol, having reached the end of her story, looking up, spied Fritz pulling with difficulty a large white roll from the depth of Jem's pocket; and as it fell upon the floor the folds opened, and there were safely stowed chicken-legs, cranberry sauce, and apple pie.

In another moment the tender-hearted lady saw through the whole thing. Yes, good, generous Jem had saved his dinner for poor Nelly, keeping only for himself a potato and a bit of bread.

"Dear little soul!" she softly said, and looking at the child, his face, to her simple fancy, seemed quite changed; for, instead of the rough little rag-picker, she seemed to see a likeness to the Master who had bidden His disciples "Feed My lambs." "Dear little generous soul!" she repeated. "He's got a kind heart, and sha'n't know his secret's read. Let him take the bits home to his little friend. Maybe the dear Lord will reckon it his Easter offering, being, as He has said, 'Because he has done it unto one of the least of My little ones, he has done it unto Me.'" So, rolling the little handkerchief up again, and lightly wrapping about it some soft thick paper, she softly stowed it away again in his pocket. And when Jem awoke, a few minutes later, he thought he must have slept for hours, because Mrs. Nichol said,

"Come into the kitchen with me, it is almost time for afternoon service, and you ought to have a bit of something before you go." And, sure enough, clever old Sally there stood guard over another heaping plate of dinner, just like the other, excepting Sally had cut twice as large a bit of apple pie, and Karn stood holding for him a real fair orange, just such a one as you see in shop windows.

How much at home Jim began to feel! Sally laughed at every word he said and nudged Karn at every other, till I fear Jem would soon have thought himself a wondrous wag had not the church bell brought the good housekeeper, with his cap, to summon him to the children's service.

The child's Easter joys ended not with the benediction at the close of the service, for good Mrs. Nichol whispered that the rector bade her tell him to wait, as he wished to send poor Nelly, who had proved so faithful a little missionary, some flowers.

It was quite twilight in Nelly's room when Jem burst in, and laying the little cross of violets and rosebuds on her lap, proudly spread out his little feast on the window-ledge by her side.

Nelly looked up wonderingly, then her glance rested tenderly on Jim's happy, beaming face, and gently pressing the beautiful floral cross to her bosom, she closed her eyes to thank the dear Lord, "who had, indeed, sent Easter to her." —Churchman.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

Most people have heard of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came to be called so. Here is the story of them, and the moral of it is worth remembering, if their names are not:

The seven wise men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names were Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. The reason of their being called "wise" is given differently by different authors, but the most approved accounts state that as some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were drawn in, they were found to contain a golden tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there.

A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers, to whom it belonged; and as they could not agree, they took it to the Temple of Apollo, and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Thales, who declared that Bias was wiser, and sent it to him.

A school-boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of pins, produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. The boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them."

Discerning child (who has heard some remarks by papa)—"Are you our new nurse?" Nurse—"Yes, dear." Child—"Well, then, I am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness; so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once."

Bias sent it to another one, and so on, until it had passed through the hands of all the men, afterwards distinguished by the title of the "Seven Wise Men;" and as each one claimed that some one was wiser than he, it finally was sent to the Temple of Apollo, where, according to some writers, it still remains to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune,
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak.
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer,
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"O nightingale, what's the use,
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bit of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun,
From such a bird as you!

Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

HUMAN CLOCKS.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them all up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—Holmes.

Pleasantries.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state he was to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Two little boys were seen a few days since on Washington Street, the one with an accordion in hand, the other with a large placard in front, upon which was printed in large letters: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the mother of five children. Please help me."

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the South End. But when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.

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THE DIVINE GLORY.

In one of the pictures of Correggio of the Holy Family, the whole light is supposed to spring from the innate lumenousness of the divine babe, and not from any external source. The babe, lying in its whiteness, in the arms of the mother, is supposed to throw up all the light there is in the picture, illuminating her. It is a beautiful conceit of the medieval mind in reference to Christ. But outside of the picture the mother is the one that throws the real light, and the ordinary babe is the one that receives it. The mother gives the light, pouring it down upon the child, not according to its age, or its knowledge, or its comprehension of her love, or its answering love; the light is the expression of the fullness of the mother-love that is in her.

Do the mocking-birds of the South or the nightingales of Europe take into consideration the audience? They do not sing to be heard; they do not care for applause, or wait for encores. They sing for their own sake, because the song is in them and abounds. It is said of Beethoven that after he was deaf he still played on, working out his marvelous harmonies upon his harpsichord, not for the sake of the music that came from it to others, or even to himself, but to express the music that was in his own soul.

The highest natures act themselves out thus always, not for the sake of anything, but because it is their nature so to do. And this is what is meant by the often perverted declaration that God does all things for His own glory. It is monstrous to think of Him as absorbed in Himself, and in His own reputation; as doing all things for the sake of the praise that will be echoed back to Him from admiring throngs of saints and angels. That is an ignoble motive in man; and to attribute it to God does not ennoble it. But to think of His nature as such that its action is always true and just and pure, and holy and loving, that He is so not for the sake of others, but for His own sake, is very different. This is to attribute to Him the highest glory that imagination can conceive.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." His love is eternal, immeasurable, infinite; because it is the outpouring of His own eternal, immeasurable, infinite nature.—Christian Union.

CHRIST'S BEAUTY.

In the words, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His glory," some suppose king who would be seen at the walls of Jerusalem, where he would be destroyed and overthrown. Its immediate reference was to Hezekiah. A greater than Hezekiah is already referred to; the Messiah as thought of and to be seen. There is the blessed assurance that Jesus, who is desired of all nations, is to be seen. How often we desire to see Jesus, and nothing short of this can satisfy substantial Christians. There is beauty in the perfect humanity of Christ, and in it we see a new glory. It exalts Him as a man, and His wondrous beauty was His humility and gentleness. In all stages of His life, although there is no record of Him for eighteen years, He was illustrating humanity. Christians behold Him as a sympathizing friend under all circumstances. With one hand He touches the immaculate robe of God, and with the other lifts man from the depths of sin and crowns him with glory. All men cannot appreciate Christ's beauty. In His last days He was rejected and hated by the Pharisees. What was true then is true still, with many who rank high among the scholars of the world. To the genuine Christian all nature is Christ. The sun, the moon, the stars, all remind the Christian of Jesus. Man must be blind when he does not distinguish the footprints of Jesus, and there are reasons for this, as men do not want to see this beauty when it comes between them and sin. It is true also that believers do not properly represent Christ to the world. Their inconsistencies in life are the occasion of this. True Christians, however, see something of His beauty, from the history of His life, by things which were effected by His power.—Rev. R. S. Macarthur.

RETRIBUTION AND THE CROSS.

While the cross of Christ is luminous with light, it is light which shineth in darkness, and which is undiscernible save by the darkness. As we read the New Testament we meet with many teachings which need the Orthodox view of punishment to render them intelligible and efficacious. It is said that in the Palace of Justice at Rome, there is a chamber with all kinds of frescoes painted on the ceiling and walls. At first it is impossible to reduce them to harmony, to make out the perspective, or escape a bewildering sense of confusion. But there is one spot on the floor of the room, and only one, from which the design of the artist can be perceived.

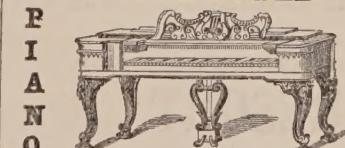
Standing there it is seen that every line falls into harmony, that the perspective is perfect, and that the picture as a whole is instinct with meaning. There the power of the artist's conception is felt, becoming an operative thing, awakening in us admiration and delight. Thus it is with word-paintings of the gospel. We see there that Christ dies for us, exhausts the penalty of law, regenerates the soul, restores it to Divine favor, in a word is revealed as performing a superhuman work at superhuman cost. But all this is next to meaningless, and so is wholly powerless to affect the imagination and the heart, when seen from any other standpoint than that of retribution. This is the centre where the inquirer must place himself to penetrate the mystery of Calvary. From this point the eye is not afflicted with confusion, but every line becomes instinct with meaning, and what is better, with soul-renewing force.—G. C. Lorimer, D. D.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

Of all the people in the world, Christians should be most kindly in their judgments of one another. The man who has had a genuine religious experience, ought to be able to understand and to consider how much the living of a Christian life involves. The conflict with long-indulged habit, with inward sin and outward influences, calls for constant vigilance and ceaseless striving. This every Christian should remember when tempted to judge harshly the deportment of fellow-Christians. But the critical man never takes account of these things. If a brother, who was originally a man of violent temper and harsh manners, falls into a passion and says or does things unworthy of his Christian profession, your critic will hasten to say of him, "A pretty Christian he is, to fly into a rage and storm about like that!"—forgetting the tremendous power of established habit, and unthoughtful of the tears and bitterness of soul that may follow these outbursts of passion. If, again, a man apparently well-to-do in his affairs opens his purse slowly and not widely in response to the calls of charity, he is set down at once as a stingy, close-fisted curmudgeon, when the fact may be that he is either really unable to give largely, or that in giving at all he is fighting manfully against a life-long habit of prudence, which prompts him to give nothing, while an awakened conscience bids him give cheerfully, according to his means. And in many other ways, the faults and failings of these

—*as it may be, striving hard to overcome them, are caught up and talked about as though there were no such thing as growth in the Christian life, and the gradual attainment, through much tribulation and many slips, of a higher and stronger Christian character.—Examiner and Chronicle.*

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A new soap compound that soothes, softens, and whitens the skin, has very superior washing properties, and suited for bath, nursery, and general toilet use. It is delightfully perfumed, and sold everywhere. Registered in Patent-Office, 1876, by the manufacturers.

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EAST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

The members of East Susquehanna Classis, intending to bring visitors with them to the annual meeting, to be held in Trinity Reformed church, Millersburg, Pa., June 13th, 1878, at 7.30 P. M., will please notify the undersigned, before the 1st of June, so that provision for their entertainment can be made.

J. B. KERSCHNER, pastor loci.

Married.

March 16th, 1878, by Rev. T. N. Reber, Levi A. Marek, of Upper Maungie, to Miss Louisa S. Kuhn, of South White Hall, Lehigh Co., Pa.

On the 10th of March, in New Berlin, by Rev. J. Dotterer, Mr. R. L. Albert, to Ada S. Gilbert, both of New Berlin, Union Co., Pa.

On the 19th of March, at the home of the bride's parents, by the same, Mr. Samuel A. Corl, of Lewisburg, to Miss Ada O. Neiman, of New Berlin, both of Union Co., Pa.

On the 21st of April, in New Berlin, by the same, Mr. Marwell Ulrich, to Miss Lillie Spaid, both of Snyder Co., Pa.

Near Eagle Station, Penna., R. R., on the 7th inst., by Rev. P. S. Davis, D. D., Dr. John S. Angle, to Miss Anna C. Lin.

At Rev. parsonage, St. Clairsville, Pa., April 23d, by Rev. D. N. Dittmar, Mr. Wm. Crawford to Miss Hannah Ritchey, the former of Bedford and latter of Everett, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED—April 3d, 1878, in Emmitsburg, Md., Elder Eli Smith, aged 75 years, 3 months and 9 days.

Death came suddenly to this aged father. Two days previously he called at the parsonage, and engaged in animated conversation with the pastor, and Rev. A. J. Heller, who was on a visit at the time. He remarked, in reply to a question about his health, that he was unusually well, and "never felt better." The next evening the pastor's wife called at his house, and found him in a very cheerful mood. An interesting event was near at hand, in which he expected to be a prominent figure—the golden wedding of his family physician, Dr. J. W. Eichelberger, which was to be celebrated on the evening of the following day. At the doctor's wedding fifty years ago Mr. Smith was groomsman; and the idea of being present at its semi-centennial anniversary, and of joining in the festivities of the occasion, filled him with delight. The next morning he rose early, conducted family worship as usual, ate a hearty breakfast, gave particular directions to one of his daughters to have his best apparel in readiness for the great occasion, and then went to the garden where he spent an hour or so at work. After this he walked out for a short time. Returning again to his house, as he entered the parlor he fell to the floor paralyzed, and in a few moments was entirely speechless. For an hour or two, however, he retained his consciousness, and pressed his pastor's hand as he spoke a few words of Christian comfort in his ear. Then came the unconscious struggle with death, and at about nine o'clock in the evening—at the very time he had fully expected to participate as a chief guest at a golden wedding—he breathed his last, the struggle ended, and he was at rest.

How uncertain are all our earthly anticipations! How soon may the brightest temporal prospects be blasted! Surely our God rules among men, and no one can thwart His will, or stay His hand.

Thus another of the venerable members of the Reformed church in Emmitsburg has been transferred to the Church on high. He has now joined other elders, with whom he was here associated for many years in Christian faith and works, and waits with them, in rest and peace, for the glorious appearance of our great God and Saviour.

Mr. Smith had been for many years a ruling Elder in the Church, though not for some time in the active duties of the office. He was a constant reader of the "MESSENGER," and to the time of his death its local agent. He was much interested in all matters pertaining to Christ's Church, and especially that branch of which he was a member. Only a few days before his death, having read a newspaper report of liberal bequests made to one of our institutions of learning, he made haste to come to the parsonage and inform his pastor of the good news. He loved his Church, and to the extent of his ability, allowing for human frailty and imperfection, he helped forward her interests.

His personal piety and devout Christian character could not be questioned. About a year ago, while accompanying his pastor to a funeral, he spoke of his increasing years, and of the short time he had yet to live in this world. He spoke with meek confidence, as is most becoming to sinners saved by grace. He enjoyed life and the society of his neighbors and friends, and especially his family, but still he felt that to depart and be with Christ was far better. He was an earnest and devout student of God's Word, and as he said, the older he became the better he understood its holy teachings.

He was a most affectionate husband and father; and to the surviving widow, the son and four daughters, his memory will never cease to be precious. May they all continue to follow his faith, that it may enter at death into his joy!

A. R. K.

ADDENDA. We cannot forbear adding a few words to the above notice of the deceased. We concur in all that is here stated by his pastor in regard to his character. He was our intimate and attached friend, during our pastorate in the Emmitsburg charge, and we have ever cherished for him and his family sentiments of the highest regard. We officiated at his marriage to his present widow, and have at no time allowed the recollection of our pleasant relations to fade from our memory. We sympathize with the afflicted in their sore bereavement, but rejoice to know, that it is mellowed by so many assurances, that his pathway to heaven was smoothed by those blissful hopes, which only a firm trust in Jesus can inspire. May they all follow on to know the Lord, so that they at last shall be privileged to join him in anthems of eternal praise to our Divine Redeemer!

S. R. F.

Martha Hunt, wife of William Hunt, died at her home near Riegelsville, N. J., April the 22d, 1878, aged 61 years, 3 months and 4 days.

The deceased had been a member of the Reformed Church at Riegelsville, Pa., for many years, and was much beloved and respected by the whole neighborhood. Her death was caused by dropsy, from which she had been suffering particularly during the past year. Her trial was a long and lingering one, yet with sincere faith she constantly insisted that if it was God's will for her to suffer greater pain, she could bear it. The writer visited her frequently, during her sickness, and especially often as the hour of death approached! He found her not only willing but eager to engage in worship and spiritual conversation. Though she had been a loving wife and mother, and had lived a consistent life as a member of Christ's mystical body, yet at times she was greatly oppressed with a sense of sinfulness and of the imperfection of her whole life; then the cloud would pass and warn assured confidence in the love of God, and firm belief in an ultimate victory over sin and death through our Divine Lord, would take its place. In spite of the extreme pain which it was only too evident to all around her bed she was suffering. Mrs. Hunt's death was blessed; and blessed we can be well assured was her rest now in that world of which she so often spoke, and to which she so earnestly desired to go. To her husband and two sons, to her relatives and friends, she leaves one of the richest heritages which it is possible for one person to bequeath to another—the halloving influence of a Christian life. The natural ties which bound her to them are forever broken, but the spiritual ties of a common faith, of a common participation in the glorified life of the Savior of mankind, have by the darkness of death been made only stronger and more glorious. Though separated from her beloved ones apparently, the family circle is not broken; it has been sanctified by sorrow.

R. L. G.

DIED—In Lebanon, Pa., on the 26th ult., Joseph Bowman, Esq., aged 79 years and 28 days.

Mr. Bowman, his wife and niece, being the entire family, were admitted by the present pastor, to full communion with the First Reformed Church in Le-

banon, in the fall of 1851. In process of time, the deceased was elected to the office of Elder, and subsequently to that of Trustee. In these several positions he was earnest and active. In civil life he filled the offices of County Commissioner and Treasurer, and held other offices besides. Some few years ago he joined Philip Fi her, Esq., a member of St. John's Reformed church, in erecting on Mt. Lebanon cemetery a chapel, as a memorial to Mrs. Bowman and Theodore D. Fisher, whose memoirs have been published under the title, "Youth in Ea-nest." Before his death, Elder Bowman donated to the St. Paul's Reformed church at Blasmarck, five miles south of Lebanon, two small, but neat dwellings and a third house to aid in the erection of a Sunday-school chapel, in the northern section of the town, under the direction of the 1st church; thus furnishing evidence of his love for, and interest in, the Church of his choice, and the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

The deceased was confined to his bed some three weeks. During his illness he received religious attentions, which he seemed greatly to appreciate. As his end drew near, he expressed an earnest desire to depart and be at rest. May we not hope that the example of liberality towards the Church left by Elder Bowman will encourage and stimulate others to a laudable imitation. No thing should be more gratifying to the pious heart, than to contribute to the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom.

Bro. Bowman's funeral was largely attended, and his pastor improved the mournful and impressive occasion by a discourse based on Heb. 13: 14. "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during April.

From Greencastle church, per Elder J W Laekens, Treasurer	\$35 00
Middburg church, per Rev J H Sykes, Stated Supply	6 55
St John's church of Chambersburg, per Rev G Gundlach, pastor	5 00
Loudon church, per Rev J H Hasser, Stated Supply	10 00
Fannettburg church, per ditto	8 45
Orbisonia Mission, per Rev J M Schick, pastor	10 00
Mercersburg church, per D M B Shannon, Treasurer	75 00
Upton and Little Cove churches, per Rev I G Brown, pastor	12 66
Chambersburg church, per W H Sellers, Treasurer	50 00
St Thomas' church, per Rev W I Stewart, pastor	15 00
Strasburg church, per ditto	5 00
Pattersonville church, per Elder Adam Haderman	12 00
Alexandria church, per Rev J A Peters, pastor	39 92
Sinking Valley church, per ditto	11 34
Everett charge, per Rev H H Sangree, pastor	17 00
St Paul's church of Bedford charge, per Rev E N Kremer	10 42
St Luke's church, per Rev J D Miller, pastor	5 16
S. Clairsville charge, per Rev D N Dittmar, pastor	20 00
Mont Alto charge, per Rev I M Motter, pastor	29 53
Friend's Cove charge, per Rev D M Whitmore, pastor	27 50
Altoona charge, per Elder Samuel Sprankle	19 50
Buena Vista church, per Rev H S Garner, pastor	5 33
Middletown church, Md., per Rev T F Hoffmeier, pastor	30 00
	Amount \$460 41
Mercersburg, Pa., } Wm. M. Deatrick, Treas. Board of Education. May 1st, 1878.	

HOME MISSIONS.

Read for Home Missions, from Mrs A C Korch, Lebanon	\$5 00
per Rev E H Eschbach, from Ev Ref ch, Frederick, Md, special offering during Lent, \$49.42; Easter offerings, \$101.92;	151 34
Rev W H Snyder, Salem Ref ch, Hbg, Easter offerings	40 00
Chs Santeet, Christ Ref ch, Phila, Easter offerings	33 56
D B Mauger, Treas Gosh Clas, from Boyertown cong, \$14.00; Swamp cong, \$10.12; Sassafras cong, \$4.00;	28 12
New Gosh Ref cong, Easter offering, \$67.70; Trinity Ref cong, Great Swamp, Easter offering, \$54.82;	122 52
Rev Geo E Addams, Treas, &c, from Mifflinburg charge	16 20
Rev Geo E Addams, Treas, &c, from Aaronsburg church, \$20.00; Boa church, \$50.00; Selins Grove church, \$46.40; Bellefonte church, \$20.31; Williamsport church, \$12.00; Lewisburg church, \$65.00; Liverpool church, \$10.07; Nittany church, \$13.07;	236 85
Rev C Clever, Treas Lan Clas, from Rev S Schweitzer	11 74
Rev Wm M Deatrick, Treas Mercersburg Clas, from Greencale ch, \$30.00; Martinsburg ch, \$18.30; Friend's Cove, \$15.00; Schellsburg ch, \$7.20; Orbisonia ch, \$2.50;	73 00
Rev J T Kosister, Bal, Md	37 00
Geo Hill, Treas E Susq Clas	51 13
	\$864 46
WM. H. SEIBERT, Treas.	

LETTER LIST.

Aulthaus, L M, Arbogast, C M, Ault, Rev J. Bieber, C A, Breidenbach, P H, Brown, Rev I G, Bausman, Rev D B.	\$5 00
Christman, Dr C K, Christman, Dr J D.	
Deatrick, E R, Dotterer, Rev J, Denur, P, Deatrick, Rev W M, Dittmar, Rev D N, Diefenderfer, Rev M H.	
Eaton, O D.	
Freed, F, Fouke, Geo, Frey, P F, Firor, Jacob L, Fox, F H, Fox, J D.	
Garnor, Rev H S, Gerhard, Rev D W.	
Heltzel, Maggie, Humphreys, D, Hoffheins, Rev J A, Hiteshaw, M A, Hitzel, C F, Heyrs, J, Jacob, Hall, Rev G C, Heitzenraths, J K, Houtz, Rev A, Hay, C C, Hibsh, Rev H, Heagy, C K, Haas, Rev W A, Hoffmeier, Rev H W.	
Kendig, Rev J M, Kremer, Rev E N, Krebs, Rev W E, Kinsley, G, Kaufman & Co, Keener, H F, Kendig, Rev J M, Kremer, Rev Dr A H, Koons, L M.	
Lefever, B S, Logan, W, Long, S C.	
Moyer, H, Meekley, Rev J, Mease, Rev Dr S, Motter, J T, Morgan, G F, Miller, Rev E D, Miller, D, (N) Novinger, Rev J A, Noss, Rev J G.	
Omeren, J V.	
Pfleider, A D, Peters, Rev J A.	
Rodarmel, W S.	
Slagle, C S, Snyder, Rev J F, Shafer, Rev S B, Snyder, J E, Strunk, H, Schell, H, Stine, D M, Santer, Rev Dr J W, Schieffelin, Rev J M, Stepler, Rev J II, Shuford, Rev M L, Shafer, C A, Shuey, Rev D B, Thompson, Rev J B.	
Willans, Jas, Wieand, C S, Whiteling, E, Will, A, Welker, Rev H J, Wetzel, F, Whitmer, Rev A C, Zehring, Rev J D, Zieber, Rev Dr W K, Zahm, E J, Zuileb, H.	

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 11th 1878.	
[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR. Wheat, Superfine.....	\$1.00 @ \$4.55
" Extra Family.....	5.75 @ \$5.87
Rye.....	6.75 @ \$7.25
Corn meal.....	3.00 @ \$3.25
Buckwheat meal.....	2.70 @ \$2.80
GRAIN. Wheat, White.....	1.50 @ \$1.75
" Red.....	1.32 @ \$1.35
Rye.....	1.23 @ \$1.27
Corn, Yellow.....	67 @ \$70
" White.....	52 @ \$53
Oats.....	40 @ \$47
Barley.....	33 @ \$36
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba.....	74 @ \$74
" Refined cut loaf.....	104 @ \$102
" " crushed.....	10 @ \$18
" " powdered.....	92 @ \$16
" " granulated.....	92 @ \$16
" " A.....	92 @ \$9

REFINED SUGAR, CUBA.....	74 @ \$74
" " CUBA.....	104 @ \$102
" " COLOMBIA.....	10 @ \$18
" " BROWN SUGAR.....	92 @ \$16
" " A.....	92 @ \$9